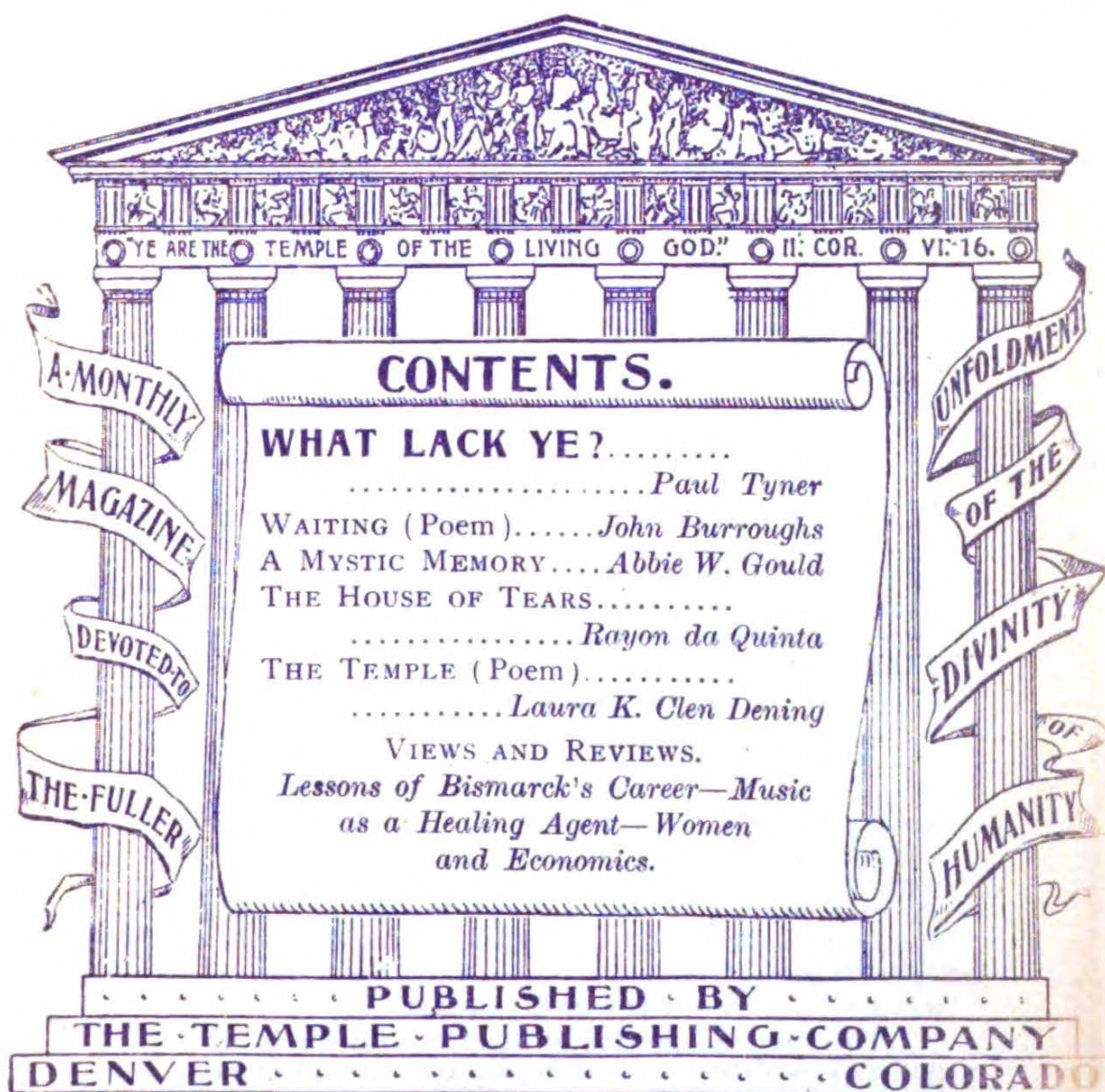


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# THE TEMPLE

VOL. III.

August, 1898.

NO. 16.

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## WHAT LACK YE?

BY PAUL TYNER.

Ye shall know the truth and the truth  
shall make you free.—John viii:32.

The message of the modern metaphysical movement is one of freedom to the race as to the individual. Day by day, we have constantly increasing demonstration in mental healing that the imaging faculty in man is responsible for any and every "bodily" disease and disorder from which he may suffer, and that the same imaging faculty, rightly exercised, will restore him to health. "It is a poor rule that will not work both ways." If any disease were really "incurable," any vice "incorrigible," we should logically have to find a trend in all nature and all life to degeneration and decay. Evil would be the ultimate reality and Good a phantom of the mind, a will-o-the-wisp. All healing, growth, progress—even the slightest improvement—would be impossible. Life

would go out on a tide that ebbed never to return in flow. That there is *any* life in the universe, any health, any harmony, any happiness, proves at least that death, disease, discord, decay, suffering are not supreme, not the law, not ultimate reality. Indeed, the human mind instinctively recognizes the inevitable tendency of evil to self annihilation. "The wages of sin is death," we are told, and again, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die;" while to the righteous is the promise of life eternal. This is one reason why for so many thousands of years almost every offence was a capital offence; and why we still, in some civilized states, murder our murderers, confusing the man with the misdeed. Oblivion is the fate of failure or wrong of any sort. Decay is a process of destruction. Its end is inevitable.

This negative evidence that the Real is the only good and the appearance of evil a delusive seeming—good misunderstood—is amply corroborated on the positive side. We prove that there is a reality in Being which is unchangeably Whole, Perfect, Good, and that this wholeness, perfection, goodness is inherent in all living matter, every time we, by any process, "restore" the sick to health; every time we bind up the broken

hearted; every time we bring strength out of weakness, "reform" the sinner or change bad to better.

Not all the renewing of the body in the transforming of the mind, not all the splendid work of making the crooked straight, the sick whole and the leprous clean, is confined to the individual healing of the body and harmonizing of the mind. Immense and growing as is this branch of the work, by far the larger and more important application of thought forces in our day is social, rather than individual. It is concerned with the healing of the body politic, and deals with disease, whether moral or physical, as a general condition of which individual suffering is the particular instance. "We are all members of one body and one of another."

Every thinker is a healer. "Let the world beware when the great God lets loose a thinker!" says Emerson. Why? Because the thinker in any field inevitably opens up to humanity new glimpses of truth, calls into action the added power of added knowledge, awakens men into the larger life which comes with every fuller recognition and realization of the Infinite Power and Absolute Perfection to which all Men are joint heirs with Christ.

Steam, electricity, the telegraph, the telephone, electric light, *x*-ray, liquified air—every advance in scientific invention and discovery, every improvement in processes of production and transportation, every new continent explored and every new star sighted; every enhancement of human comfort, well being and intelligence, comes, as Christ came, “that we might have life, and have it more abundantly.”

Thought and effort, in any field, which has betterment for its aim, must be inspired and sustained by a belief in Good as the Reality underlying all appearances, never to be wholly expressed; always to be expressed in greater and greater degree. Whether conscious of this truth or not, it *is* the power working in, by and through every honest worker. Metaphysical truth makes possible every noble aspiration, every brave and beautiful action, every new light on life's problems, every fresh conquest of nature's forces. The law by which “all things work together for good” is universal. This is not the less true because most of the world's thinkers are not ostensibly metaphysicians and do not yet recognize the connection between their thought and work and the metaphysical basis. Devel-

opment has until now depended much on specialization. We have illustration of the new tendency toward recognition in the growing attention of the old school medical practitioner to mental therapeutics, and in the frequency with which we now hear the New Thought preached, without naming it, from orthodox pulpits.

The failure of the old sciences of theology and medicine to make the Science of Being and the Art of Living accessible to the people in clearness, certainty and simplicity of exposition and demonstration, created the demand for a better way.

We have the New Thought—metaphysics distinctly comprehended and definitely stated, made practical and applied—as the response. At first, eyed askance, suspected, misunderstood—as is every new development of truth—the thought is now fulfilling its mission by permeating, transforming and renewing theory and practice in both religion and medicine.

Yet this is only a beginning. The New Thought is needed, and has place in every department of human thought and endeavor. In every field of thought and endeavor already as the unknown power that maketh for righteousness, its effectiveness in producing results is to be immensely increased by conscious recog-

nition. "Him, therefore, whom you ignorantly worship declare I unto you," said Paul at Athens, referring to the altar which the Greeks had inscribed "To the Unknown God." So is metaphysical truth to change this sublime and infinite power from the unknown to the known.

How small and distorted, therefore, is the conception of this grand new thought and its power—of truth and its meaning—that would limit it to any sect or school? Think of truth bottled and labelled like a patent medicine with the name of the only original manufacturer blown in the bottle! As well monopolize air and sunshine, denominationalize astronomy, fence off the sky, segregate the sea, and pen the mountains, as to shut off Truth from a world hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Yet this is what is attempted by those who aim to make Truth the peculiar private property of any peculiar people.

There is no question, no issue, between the mental scientist and the churchman, be he Catholic, Protestant, or an adherent of any of the seven and seventy jarring sects in religion or medicine, in politics, literature or art. Health is for all—wholeness, soundness and harmony of mind and body surely must make every



man a better man, and so a better Christian, a better patriot, a better thinker and a better worker, regardless of sectarian or party affiliations. Good food and pure water may be partaken with profit by Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Democrat, Republican, Socialist and Individualist alike. So with the Science of Being and its practical application; it is a feast to which all may accept the invitation without in the least surrendering his personal choice as to form of worship, party adherence or social organization. All these things are as much a part of a man's individuality as the shape of his nose and the color of his hair. And mental science requires for and accords to individuality the highest respect. Freedom is its watchword, and freedom is only possible where there is utter absence of censure and condemnation. If we would be truly free and really grant freedom to others, we must see good in all things; good in every sect, every party, every school, every theory and practice, every point of view, every side of every question. And this not as a matter of condescension, but as a matter of fact.

ALL IS GOOD.

WAITING.  

---

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

—JOHN BURROUGHS.

## A MYSTIC MEMORY.

BY ABBIE W. GOULD.

It lacked ten minutes to nine on the night of the full moon in October of ——. Astrea, the Temple Guard of the Vestal Virgins, came forth from the shadow of the Temple, and turning east and south-east, pointed her mystic wand slightly upward, and, at the same time sounding a resonant strain on the minor key, poised herself on one foot, closed her eyes and waited. Quick as thought, nine maidens, clothed in sweeping draperies of white, blue and crimson, sprang forth, and forming a circle chanted in soft melodious voices the

### HYMN TO ISIS.

Oh Isis, sweet Mother, we come, we come,  
To the Temple worship and thee;  
We crown thee with flowers,  
These bright blooming hours,  
Thou makest our footsteps free, oh free!  
And to Ra we will sing,  
While his praises shall ring  
In silver-tongued songs to thee, to thee.

Oh Isis, sweet Mother, grant thou our boon,  
May the Lotus bloom fair each day,  
With touch so divine,  
May it quicken like wine,

As you pass on your way, on your way;  
And the God Ra shall turn,  
Until our hearts burn,  
And we glide in thy hidden way, thy way.

Oh Isis, sweet Mother, bright glows the moon,  
We are under its witching ray,  
It quickens, it thrills  
With life giving rills.  
Give more, and more, we pray, we pray;  
And into thy bliss,  
With Love's magic kiss,  
Our souls shall wander away, away.

The voices closed with a vibrant hum,  
and Astroa again elevated her wand.  
Each maiden sank to the ground, with  
face upturned to the blue sky, and re-  
ceived the baptism of silver rays from the  
full moon; then rising, passed half to  
right, half to left of Astroa, seated them-  
selves and awaited her pleasure.

"Elsinor," said Astroa, addressing the  
girl on the right, "what answer have you  
of Sylvettus, King of the Cave Gnomes;  
what of the jewels that must be hidden,  
for within me there is that which por-  
tends danger to our fair clime; and in  
my dreams last night the roe's egg had a  
double yolk, and one was flecked with  
blood. I slept again, and I heard the lap  
of water, as if some hidden vein had  
broken forth from the bosom of our com-  
mon Mother, and was passing upward

with a new rhythm that was more of discord than of harmony."

"Perdu, Astroa! Omens were all about me at the altar last night, and the flames would not do my bidding; they mounted higher, and higher, and the violet color of rest and submission would not come. Think you that Elaphonda, the High Priest of Luxor, is meditating a call on the higher Powers? I saw him with Wanda and Elit Maullum, the other two of the mystic triune, on the Temple steps at sundown, and their looks betokened a set purpose in some direction. While I looked, the wings of a black bat, which flew from the west, touched my hair, and made me shiver. What think you? But, the Cave Gnome awaits your pleasure."

"I do not think; light the lamps, even under the moon's silver ray, and kneel for a few moments, all, and commune with the One, whom to know is to live forever; then summon Sylvettus."

A few moments later and into the moonlight, from the north, came Sylvettus, the dwarf-king of the Gnomes—his royal robes were upon him and he wore the sun pendant of topazes that he wore only when he needed power of superior order. He saluted Astroa and her maidens and said, "Your pleasure, Queen of

the Vestals; have your doves settled on the left incline of the temple tower, and fear you ill will from Zaco, Prince of Elementals?"

"I scarcely know why I thus summon you, Sylvettus; but a change is coming to all. Have you the power to cover our jewels from mortal gaze, if aught should overtake our fair continent?"

"Yes, Queen; man has no power as great as mine. I dazzle his eyes and blind them, and having eyes he sees not. We too, oh Queen, have felt the shadow coming, for our jewels, which are symbols of Purity and Benevolence, have lost their glow, and we know not what it betokens. Shall I chant to you our chorus that my brothers sing when weaving their spells?"

"Aye, aye, chant," replied the maidens in chorus. Swaying back and forth his weird little body, the dwarf chanted:

THE SONG OF THE CAVE GNOMES.

Oh! the flash and the sheen of the beautiful gems  
That dwell in our caves, 'neath the waves of the sea.

Oh! they come in your dreams,  
With sunlight's rare gleams,  
And they steal in your heart, and witch you away.

We, the Gnomes, guard our caves,  
Far beneath the salt sea-waves;  
We, the Gnomes, guard with power,  
Safe from selfish man, this dower;

We, the Gnomes, deck the brow  
Of our Sea-Elf-King and Queen;  
We, the Gnomes, ever throw  
Gem light over each fair scene.

List! to the moan of the sea,  
List! to the sweet silver bells,  
Hear the voices laugh in glee,  
Out from our beautiful shells;

We'll creep, we'll weave from man our light;  
We'll flash no treasure on his sight,  
Until his heart shall be a star,  
And send its radiance near and far.

Then from the depths of our ocean caves  
We, the Gnomes, will bear from the waves  
Gems that will grace the brow of youth,  
Gems that will symbol the love of Truth --  
Yea, on the race that is yet to come,  
Atlantian jewels will shine as the sun.

The dwarf bowed, as the girls clapped their hands and said in chorus, "Noble Sylvettus, Isis approves; the moonbeams fall on the left arch of the Temple."

"To your work, Sylvettus," said Astroa, rising, "for when again the full moon beams upon us, perchance it may shine upon thy coral caves, where our spirits may come to visit thee."

The dwarf bowed and passed out of sight.

"My maidens," again spoke Astroa, turning her fair face toward them, "when it is twelve to-night, let each place upon the fire the silver tipped vase; should it

curl and turn black on the edges, pray, pray to the One, that light and life may still be with us and Him, what e'er may come. Perhaps we see but the brewing vapors of distrust, but my soul is heavy with fear, and to my duty I must away; a sweet good night to all, and may Isis protect and guard the children who call upon her love."

Thus speaking, queen and maidens passed from sight, while the moon's silver radiance still flooded the silent scene.

When again, full orb'd, the moon mounted the heavens to watch the sleeping world, Atlantis was not; she had become a mystic memory.

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In his lectures on "Yoga Philosophy," the Swami Vivekananda says the most obvious of all motions in the body is the motion of the lungs, the fly wheel setting the other forces in motion. The oriental explains in the most interesting manner how a man could begin to control all his energies. In oriental teaching, breathing is only one of the many exercises by the practice of which man can obtain health and happiness. The method and attainment of like results have been recently presented in an interesting way by Mr. W. H. Williams, in "Vibration the Law of Life." The book is saturated with eastern thought, but the way of rich benefits is much simpler than any we have seen in oriental teachings. The efforts of this unusual and absorbing treatise is to convince the reader of the premises and to open up in a logical way the most captivating vistas of health and happiness to weary, wayward humanity.

—*Atlanta Constitution*



## MOUSE AND MAN.

BARTON O. AYLESWORTH, IN DENVER NEWS.

A little mouse crept softly through its mysterious entry-way at the corner of the threshold into a great room, a cobwebbed and empty room, the dancing chamber of the mice colony quartered in the cavernous, unlit, midnight realm underneath a deserted house. His bead-like eyes scintillated, his pointed nostrils quivered with keen penetration and an ecstasy of anticipation.

It happened not infrequently that tramps, semi-tramps, movers or hunters lodged in this wayside, hostless inn, leaving behind them grains of corn, bits of charred meat or broken crusts, a veritable banquet for the gray revelers below.

Not quite sure of one deeply-shadowed corner of the long room, Sir Mouse ventured with some caution from the closer precincts of his return route. He fell to nibbling soon a sweet corn, for the heart of which he had an amazing passion. In its toothsome-ness he forgot to be watchful of possible foes.

Suddenly a strange tightening of the nerves came upon him. Then a tingling of his body's delicate surface as though the love-touch of his mates were stroking his responsive neck and back. A queer whirring in the top of his minute brain set his head on one side and stopped completely the grinding motion of his lower jaw. Even the craving of his eager palate was gone. What can have happened? After a moment it occurs to him that there are sounds afloat. Not such sounds as belong to his experience, sudden, jarring, scraping, or even the skillful footfalls of a creeping foe. But circles of sound, running round and round like baby mice at play; lifting sounds that hold one up to one's greatest height, and he stood erect upon his tiny feet; brushing sounds, like the touch of a soft

summer zephyr that sinks and sweeps where the sun shines warmest; a caressing sound, coaxing, hypnotic and compelling.

Then they grew a little louder, until every nerve was keyed to the exact pitch of these strange vibrations, absolutely responsive, fixed now beyond his volition, and would remain thus until the potent cause was removed. Small and despicable as his essential nature may be regarded by greater nerve compounds, the involutions and evolutions of the vast universe had made him to be just what he was, and had so related his complex little organism to the external that when the straggling, heavy-eyed tramp fiddler within the room somnolently drew his bow, every atom of his little body responded. The grinding of the hobnailed heel upon the gritty floor was not powerful enough to disturb the in-and-out flow of vibrations, and his body became nothing more nor less than the medium of the molested atmosphere.

Neither alarms nor desires were any longer conscious emotions. One absorbing emotion prevailed. He was its slave. And had the wandering musician had the wit, he might have drawn the very life from its captive, unresisting body; might have set the little red heart beating so fast and for so long a time that it would have burst. Then he might have crushed beneath his foot the collapsed little mass of dead nerves, flesh and bones.

But some memory of the fiddler's youth, mayhap, caught his swaying arm and slowly, softly the vibrations died away in a tender, andante pianissimo. A feeble cry and an echo—and silence, broken only, but almost imperceptibly, by the scurrying flight of a gray mousling through the shadow door to his earth-walled home below, with the strangest tale to tell, the weirdest memory and a life-long changed identity.

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Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind: for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.*

## TWO ANGELS.

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Two angels out of darkness born,  
All unaware of bloom or scathe,  
Hung on the outer edge of morn,—  
And one was Doubt, and one was Faith.

Doubt spread his gray and mighty plume  
Beyond the bounds of space and night,  
And round him depths and gulfs of glooms  
Swept with an ever-circling flight.

But Faith, with eyes that only knew  
Immeasurable light above,  
Sprang upward through the quivering blue  
And rested in the heart of Love.

—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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In the end, experience will inevitably teach us that the laws for a wise and noble life have a foundation infinitely deeper than the fiat of any being. She will teach us that whoso sheddeth man's blood, though by man his blood be not shed, though no man avenge and no hell await, yet every drop shall blister on his soul and shall eat in the name of the dead. She will teach that whoso takes a love not lawfully his own, gathers a flower with poison on its petals; that whoso revenges, strikes with a sword that has two edges—one for his adversary, one for himself; that whoso lives to himself is dead, though the ground is not yet on him; that whoso wrongs another clouds his own sun; and that whoso sins in secret stands accused and condemned before the one Judge who deals eternal justice—his own all-knowing self.

—*Olive Schreiner.*

## THE HOUSE OF TEARS.

BY RAYON DA QUINTA.

On the East side of a great craggy mountain stood a square tower, windowless and forbidding; and carven on each side was its name—"The House of Tears."

As the summer sun rose above the hills on the opposite side of the valley at the mountain's base, a beautiful woman appeared in the small eastern doorway of the tower, gazing forth over the vale and wastes, expectant, but perceiving no one. Her white face, about which the wind blew her golden hair, was lit by radiance of wondrous violet eyes, and she was apparelled in a garment of fine white wool with threads of gold and silver running through the warp and woof. Her raiment was wrapped about her closely, so that she could not freely walk, but glided softly on her sandaled feet.

As she gazed she heard the footfalls of one who, approaching from the West, came down the mountain path with firm steps although his eyes were bounden with a scarf in such manner that he could see only the ground at his feet about one step in advance of him. She stood upon the threshold of her tower and called as he was passing:

"Whither wendest thou with covered eyes, O brother?"

Her voice stirred the air into music and he, startled, answered:

"To the gathering of Seekers in the City of Light, beyond this mountain of Sorrow and the valleys and arid wastes of the Land of Science. The way is long and I may not tarry."

"Wilt thou not rest thee in the House of Tears, into which only the noon-day sun can shine, until thine eyes be strengthened for The Light?"

"Nay, gentle one, I have well learned to walk, and have my compass and my sword; I fain would hasten on."

"But there are torrents on the way, and magnetic caverns where the compass loseth poise."

"How knowest thou this? Hast thou been thither?"

"Nay, brother. For twice seven years my home hath been this tower whose great square walls shut out the world and let the zenith scan its heart. Here have I dwelled—here have I wept—here have I known the Sun Lord in his power. My feet have lost the cunning of earth paths—my light-wove robes know touch of naught but air. I fain would hie me to this day's concourse, but have no strength of limb nor chariot steeds."

"O, fellow Seeker," cried the stalwart youth, "I pray thee let me bear thee thither! My strength is dauntless and my heart would serve a patient dweller in the House of Tears."

"But if thou bearest me, thou shouldst be guided by my voice. Wilt thou obey?"

"I promise thee, I will."

Then he placed her on his shoulder and resumed the pathway down the mountain. The valley's rushing river barred the road; wide stretched the placid waters along the shores, but midway roared the mighty song of ceaseless rapids; treacherously deep. The golden-haired one raised her voice:

"Three steps to the channel through still water, then a leap of the length of thy shadow at the third hour of sunrise—a strong leap for the current is swift," and he passed over safely. Through fields, over rocky heights, into deep, dark chasms, along tracks stained with blood and beautiful flowery ways he sped under her guidance, with free and agile feet but bounden eyes. He marvelled that she, having been secluded in the House of Tears, could tell him where to tread, and queried:

"How knowest thou the way to the city by the mighty river where at noon the people assemble?" and she made answer:

"By the thread of Light that runneth through the air, spun by the Star that shineth at midday."

He apprehended not her meaning, but was astonished and said:

"Seest thou the stars at noontide?"

She responded gently, "The stars shine ever; but of some things I may not speak to those whose eyes are bounden. To thee, who hath borne me willingly and followed my word, I may declare that the day is near when thou wilt not need to question, for to those who discern The Light all things are revealed."

He apprehended not her meaning and silently pursued the course. Presently she said:

"It lacks but a half hour of noon and the road is smoother hence. Art thou weary?"

"Nay, but how knowest thou the hour?"

"By the colors that shimmer above the wayside flowers and by the angles to their stems."

He understood her not, but coveted her knowledge.

At last they ascended a high hill on which was set the magnificent City, and past its farther gates rolled the majestic river where floated a strange barge of exceeding lightness and splendor. It had two wide-spreading sails, like wings, of iridescent gossamer, and a third, high above these, shaped like a sphere or vast transparent bubble, such as children throw upon the sunbeams. This was attached to the very centre of the ship by a rope of golden threads, and none could conceive by what manner of device the vessel was conducted. Those who had come up in the barge were seven strangely beautiful men, who spoke the languages of all with whom they held converse, although of many different nations and tongues.

These Seven of The Ten (for three remained in the ship, concealed,) were in conference in the secret chamber of the Temple whose radiance continually lighted the sky above it, and gave to the City its name. This visit occurred every seven years at mid-summer, and the trial of the Holy Chamber was held in order that any, who were prepared, might voyage home with these visitors from the Great East Sea. The youth from the plains trod lightly the city avenues

and set down the lady of the tower in the garden of the esplanade overlooking the river. Two, who recognized her garments, came and loosened them a little, that she might walk more easily over the smooth and beautiful pavements of the wondrous city. When her feet were freed, the golden-haired one, with her two companions, turned to the young brother and gently unwound the fine long scarf of many colors with which his eyes were bound, and lo! they were sealed! Then they knew that he could not yet bear the Light of the city, and they were saddened.

With great love and compassion they led him to the West Gate where his sight was restored to him, and he fell down before her whom he had borne through the devious ways of the morning and kissed the hem of her garment. She said:

"Insomuch, brother, that thou didst bear me over the rough places, willingly obedient to my guidance, I will give unto thee a ribbon of my robe whose texture shall be an aid in selecting the right paths when thou dost again come through that country *with thine eyes unbounden.*"

From the edge of her vesture she bade him tear a strip. By reason of the gold and silver threads woven in the warp and woof, it was difficult to sever. He sought to cut it with a blade, but she withheld him, saying: "Let not the sharp steel touch it—by thine own strength take the piece." And he brake it evenly with his hands. She took the ribbon and tied it about his bare right arm, at the heart level, and kissed his forehead. Then they left him to be refreshed and to return to the Mountain of Sorrow and to tarry in the House of Tears.

Now many that day were summoned into the secret chamber of the Holy Council, but none of these candidates had been able to view The Light, because they had come by various ways up from their land—had shunned the dark tower on the Mountain of Sorrow and had found no bearers to carry them through the labyrinths of Science, among whose rough roads their

feet had been bruised and their strength squandered. When she of the House of Tears was summoned to the Temple her eyes were not smitten, because she knew the mystery of the Triple Light, and she came forth in a new vesture, with a white stole about her neck on which sparkled gems of the Seven Rays.

Radiating her "sphere of bliss" upon the people who followed her, she moved slowly with the Holy Seven unto the ship, and was received by The Three who there remained concealed.

When the sun was setting, the barge in a glorious effulgence, glided majestically and silently down the broad river toward the Great East Sea, and was seen no more 'till yet another seven years.

[Readers are requested to send the Editor interpretations of the above allegory.]

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Alas! what reason have we to think any other station in the universe more sanctifying than our own? There is none, so far as we can tell, under the more immediate touch of God, none whence sublimer deeps are open to adoration, none murmuring with the whisper of more thrilling affections or ennobled as the theatre of more glorious duties. . . . Those to whom the earth is not consecrated, will find their heaven profane.

—*James Martineau.*

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An emotional preacher in England observed one Sunday that the whole of his congregation, with the exception of one little girl, who sat quite alone, was in tears. He thereupon directed all his power toward the child, drawing such touching pictures that the rest of the congregation grew more and more overcome, sobbing and crying, but the child still stared at him dry-eyed, and at length he was compelled to give it up and end the sermon. Meeting the child outside, he upbraided her for her hard-heartedness, and asked her why she did not weep. "It is not that I am hard-hearted," the child responded, "but I belong to another parish."



## THE TEMPLE.

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A light that is not of earth fell on her eyes,  
And all the castles she had reared with jealous care  
Were wrecked, and lay in crumbled ruins at her feet.  
With tears, she gazed at what had once been fair;  
With weary hands, and head all bowed with grief,  
She wondered at the frail foundatain she had laid,  
For such a castle as her dreams had builded.  
And gazing there at all the faith and hope of years,  
That lay in dusty chaos, crumbled and condemned,  
She raised her sad eyes proudly, dashed the tears  
away,  
And stepping out upon the broadest, fairest, firmest  
rock  
Of the once bold and handsome structure of her  
dreams,  
She vowed to build a Temple there, so fair, so strong,  
So worthy of the best, that all the winds of fate,  
Could beat and blow against the door and not be  
heeded;  
Storms might rage and roar, and white wild waves  
of flame,  
Sweep round and o'er it, and renew, and die,  
And smoulder to a grave. And yet the brave walls  
Of the Temple she had reared, would grimly stand;  
And wonder, at the wild flame's wanton breath;  
The cool wind's savage curves, that rocked and  
swayed a world,  
Yet had no power to swerve the Temple she had built  
Of ruins of a dream.

With hurried breath, and hands and heart, and head  
Made strong by strife with all the foes of self,  
She builded. Courage, pride, and will, were lack-  
ing not.

And fast the Temple grew, until all space was filled,  
With the perfection of the thought, that thrived upon  
The ruins of a dream, that sought existence but to fill  
The destiny of time with human cares, and sorrows.  
Grief was born, and souls were filled with woe.  
The gnats of nature fed on Christian laws;  
And martyrs perished in the flood of hate,  
That greed let loose in names of church and state:  
On these the Temple grew;

The Temple of a mind so strong and true,  
So vast, that in the Tower of Silence it held view,  
And builded on.

The martyrs who as men were scourged, maligned,  
Exist always, and are the master minds,  
That make complete the destinies of those  
Whose lives are bounded by a martyr's laws.  
Oh Slaves of Silence, noble is the cause;  
Together work, to build a Nation's laws;  
Together wait, and work, to mould the human mind;  
Together WILL that life shall deify  
The highest power held by our human kind.  
To work, to win, Oh Justice, in your might,  
Oh Truth and Love with your pervading light,  
Reach out and gather in your forceful arms  
The soldiers who in silence work the will  
Of Higher Laws.

Let their cause prosper, let the Temple Mind,  
Whose Tower of Silence holds the Love Divine,

Enfold all men within its circle wide,  
 And reach beyond the self and human woe,  
 Up to the heights, where many mansions show  
 The broadness of the law that makes divine;  
 The ecstasy of Love, so sweet, complete,  
 That in humanity we can perceive  
 The Truth at last, and walk in paths so fair,  
 That Brotherhood is one. The great wide heart  
 Of Motherhood is Mind. All things are one;  
 ALL LIFE, ALL MIND DIVINE; in sinning here,  
 In adding burdens there, Self must effect  
 Its own. The soul must bear the burden  
 Self condemned the soul to bear;  
 For in the vast Eternity of space,  
 Where self and self and sin can never reach;  
 The Motherworld, the Temple of the race,  
 Must weep and mourn, when children made divine;  
 Dear little temples of the human mind,  
 Fall from their loving arms, out into space,  
 The empty nothingness lost souls embrace.  
 Oh from the Tower of Silence, note them all;  
 Oh from the Temple Mind ring out the call;  
 Break creeds, and shackles in the prison wall,  
 Let Universal Love enfold us all;  
 Let Hope and Justice sway the world to-day;  
 In the Temple Mind, all your treasures lay.

—LURA KELSEY CLEN DENING.

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If the day's work's scant,  
 Why call it scant; affect no compromise;  
 And, in that we have nobly striven, at least,  
 Deal with us nobly, women though we be,  
 And honor us with truth, if not with praise.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

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### **BISMARCK'S CAREER.**

Bismarck's career furnishes instructive and interesting lessons for the mental scientist. The very same truths which the metaphysical movement is teaching men in their bearing and application on the healing of disease, the harmonizing of environment and the development of individual and racial powers along all lines of human activity, were the secret of Bismarck's success.



All power is of God; but the infinite power moves to its purpose through finite instruments and in accordance with immutable laws. Unchanging and universal, the power that maketh for righteousness, and the laws governing its demonstration, are the same in the little as in the large. Success in your business, success in changing your pet sickness into health, success in turning misery into happiness and weakness into strength, success in banishing your peculiar private grief and replacing it with joy, must come from the same source and by the same channels as came Bismarck's success.



We cannot all be Bismarcks, and would not be if we could; but all may take to heart the lessons his life affords. We want the lift and leading of actual demonstration of the power of the human will to heal our disorders, to conquer our difficulties, to achieve our purposes. What more magnificent demonstration could we have than Bismarck's success? In a single lifetime he redressed the errors and healed the wounds of a thousand years, uniting Germany.



Significant indeed is the recognition of the power of concentrated thought evident in the comment on the death of the Iron Chancellor in the daily press, which

usually has so little recognition for metaphysics. Says the St. Louis Globe Democrat "He believed intensely in the German people and the German destiny, and by his intellectual force and depth turned faith into deeds and deeds into empire." Even more distinct and decided is this from the New York World: "Such men as Bismarck command the obeisance of the world by sheer momentum of character. They are men of awful singleness of purpose. They demonstrate for us how much of the divine puissance there is in the human will and how it will triumph over environment "



**MUSIC  
AS A HEALING  
AGENT.**

The subject of music as a sedative, which is dealt with in the last number of the British Medical Journal has interest for mental scientists. Sound and thought vibrations are united in the melody of song, with or without words, vocal or instrumental. Mr. Gladstone, during the last weeks of acute neuralgia which ushered in the last phase of his fatal illness, found great relief in music. Herbert Spencer is said to have had recourse to music for the relief of nervous disturbance, and the Empress of Austria is reported to have been cured of neuralgia by certain strains of sound repeated at frequent intervals. Many other less illustrious sufferers have had their pain charmed away by the same sweet medicine.



Tolstoi's "Kreuzer Sonata" is a vivid depiction of the power of music to raise the sensual passions, awakening the sleeping tiger in the man; and the war with Spain has drawn fresh attention to the influence and effect of martial music in sustaining and inspiring troops on the march and in action. Yet it is well that we should find growing attention given to the blessed practical uses of music as a therapeutic agent. Speed the happy day when the drug laden and deathlike atmosphere of sick room and hospital shall be stirred and sanitized by strains of Mozart and Bethoven. "Music is a pattern and a type of heaven," wrote Charles Kingsley; "of the

everlasting life of God which perfect spirits live in heaven—a life of melody and order in themselves; a life in harmony with each other and with God.” This is only to say that music is that obedience to law which secures order, harmony, oneness. The soul’s response to harmony of sound is moral, mental and physical harmony. James Russell Lowell knew the value of music as a sedative and harmonizer when he wrote:

“And one of God’s great charities  
Is music: and it doth not scorn  
To close the lids upon the eyes  
Of the weary and forlorn.”

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## WOMEN AND ECONOMICS.

That march of mind which I  
discussed in last month’s TEM-  
PLE as the power coming into  
recognized leadership with the

dawning of the new century, finds pre-eminent illustration in sociology, the newest of the sciences and essentially the science of sciences. After all, the great problem is the human problem. Power and illumination in searching the mysteries, in extending our conquest of nature—the development of the race in all wise and beautiful ways—are dependent, more than aught else, on an accurate knowledge of man’s nature and needs in social relation. The evolutionary forces at work in society, as elsewhere, must ultimately bring about an orderly and harmonious organization of mankind, in which love shall reign and all enjoy the fullest freedom and plenty, health and happiness. Come it must; but upon this knowledge of ourselves with which sociology is concerned will depend in great degree the sooner or later coming of the kingdom, and whether it shall be peacefully or violently. Hundreds, aye, thousands of books have been written in the last three decades, dealing directly or indirectly with social economics. There are two which stand out from all the rest as stars of first magnitude, in the light shed by them on the great human problem and for the influence they have exerted in promoting the betterment of the race. I refer to Karl Marx’s

"Capital" and Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." Marx gave the world a complete, thorough and masterly analysis of the conditions and forces created by the dominance of capitalism in industrial production; he said the first and the last word as to the relations of men and machinery. The private ownership of land, its ethics and economics, its present consequences and its tendencies; in fine, the relations of men to the earth they live on, were presented by Henry George with a like mastery of the subject in all its bearings, a like keenness of logic, and an eloquence all his own. Thinkers both; master minds,—geniuses of that high order to which the world-makers belong. It matters not that to many their social theories appear to clash. Each standing in its place, fully, freely and fairly developed to the utmost by differentiation, will yet be found to supplement the other.



To Marx's "Capital" and Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" is now added Charlotte Perkins Stetson's "Women and Economics." The triad of thinkers is completed. This presentation of the relations between men and women, with the consequences on social progress, fellow naturally upon the previous expositions of the relations of men to machinery and of men to the land. This is the work of a woman thoroughly equipped for the task of focusing clear, courageous and steady thought on that phase of the human problem which is of crowning importance. The book is described in the sub-title as a "Study of the Economic Relation Between Men and Women as a Factor in Social Evolution." For those of us who are apt to be absorbed in the metaphysical side of the new thought, its fascinating abstractions and speculations, there is need of frequent reminder that the *economic* condition is always the unerring index of a people's progress in spiritual development. Every economic question is at bottom an ethical question. For the race at large, the higher ideals have had their birth in that divine discontent with conditions ob-

structive to growth and happiness, which have ever forced the soul to seek better things. Mrs. Stetson's study centers on the economic dependence of women on men in the sexual relation. In tracing the origin of this sexuo-economic relation and its bearings on human growth and happiness, the argument is extended into every department of life with a power and persuasion possible only to a mind capable of grasping and relating the truths revealed by the sciences of biology, anthropology, philosophy and history. Her pliant mind and well-nourished brain are vitalized by high and steady purpose, genuine compassion for the suffering and ignorance of the world and supreme devotion to human welfare. Her inspiration is found in a passion for humanity, for racial uplift; her power in an unfaltering faith in the reality of good working itself out in the law of progress.



Like Marx and George, the author of "Women and Economics" has attained her light and her mastery by following the bent of her own strong individuality and without the aid (or limitation) of academic training. The world has been her university and Life her teacher. The argument of the work is, briefly, that through the economic dependence of woman on man, sex distinction in the human race has become so excessive as to alter the balance of powers and so check and pervert the progress of the race. Man supporting woman has become her environment. "Sex distinction with the woman is not only a means of attracting a mate, as with all creatures, but is also a means of getting a livelihood—as is the case with no other creature." In man, this excessive sex distinction has taken the shape of an inordinate demand for sexual indulgence—a morbid development, "with which goes a certain over-coarseness and hardness, a too great belligerence and pride." It is with a sort of pleased surprise that, after a rather disheartening account of the evils flowing from what seems in its very nature a false condition, that half way through the



book we come upon a reconciliation of these facts with the metaphysical axiom that "all is good." These thousands of years of suffering, oppression, degradation and seeming wrong inflicted on women, with all the apparent evil results to the race, have been simply a necessary part of nature's process in "maternalizing man." That is to say, the new duties and responsibilities assumed by the male as protector and provider, modified the natural katabolic or destroying nature of the male in all forms of life by engrafting upon it the anabolic or conserving nature of the female. It was nature's method of achieving the grand object of raising man to an equality with woman—of "humanizing half the race." In the woman movement of to-day, the author sees demonstration that this object has been fully accomplished, that the continuation of the process is no longer necessary, and that woman is to resume her normal place as a human being sharing equally with man in racial development.



The tone of the work is admirable throughout, although exception may be taken to the brilliant if cutting satire that punctuates the author's argument. For clearness, concentration and convincing charm, Mrs. Stetson's style is unapproached by anything I know in recent didactic literature. Calmly dispassionate, sweetly reasonable, with the artlessness of the truest art, she succeeds in holding the reader's attention from beginning to end, fascinated as was the wedding guest by the Ancient Mariner. It is said of "Progress and Poverty" that it was read more widely than any dissertation on the thitherto "dismal science" of political economy, and even exceeded the most popular novel in circulation, owing chiefly to the charm of the author's literary style. It will be strange indeed if "Women and Economics" does not similarly appeal to a worldwide audience. Beside it, "Progress and Poverty" is dull and difficult reading besides being twice as long. The manner of the book is all that could be asked, while its thought is so new, so vigor-

ous and so vitally important that its appeal to the mind and the heart of our time must find swift and certain response.



At the same time, it is sure that the discussion the book must provoke will reveal distinct disagreement with the author's position on many points. For instance, all the evidence she cites, and much that she does not cite, to prove that the race is "oversexed," might be evidenced in behalf of the theory that we are really undersexed. In the best men and women of the race, the geniuses in philosophy, in art, in statesmanship and oratory, the development of the sex nature has been above rather than beneath the average. Yet this does not affect the author's conclusions. An undersexed race is as unbalanced as an oversexed one. The philosophy of mental healing and the new thought generally as a practical system of spiritual therapeutics, probably does not appeal to Mrs. Stetson's mind, yet the mental scientist will find her at many times fully in accord with modern metaphysical teaching. "All morbid conditions tend to extinction" she tells us and clearly proves the statement. Again, "In general, under social law, men develop right action. . . . The inevitable trend of human life is toward higher civilization." Large place also is given to the influences of right and to wrong thought direction and the psychic reaction of environment and activity.



No doubt of set purpose, the author avoids any discussion of the causes and results of the economic dependence of men upon each other, of the many on the few. To some readers this very prominent feature of our present social system might seem to controvert the author's position as to the peculiar evil inherent in an economic dependence connected with sex relation. She may have assumed that the inference would be drawn from her argument that this economic dependence of men upon men might be traced to the economic dependence of women on men and is to disappear with woman's emancipation. Indeed, she does show a close connection between the spirit of greed and avarice, which plays so large a part in modern industrialism, and the habit cultivated in the dependent mothers of men, of getting without giving, consuming without producing. (8vo., cloth, pp. 348; \$1 50; Small, Maynard & Co., Boston; The Temple Publishing Co., Denver.)

# *A BOOK FOR LIVE THINKERS.*

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"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."—I. Cor. xv., 26.

## THE LIVING CHRIST : *AN EXPOSITION OF THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN IN SOUL AND BODY.*

BY PAUL TYNER.

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